

# LAFFITTE OF LOUISIANA

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## CHAPTER VII.

Three weeks later, and a sullen peace had fallen over Toulon. Jean was still weak and emaciated from illness. From Grelouire the boy had heard—and with outspoken indignation—of General Bonaparte's departure, shortly after his own arrival at the convent, which had been turned into a hospital.

"He went away and left me!" Jean exclaimed angrily, the color suffusing his cheeks. "Left me, when I was not able to speak to him!"

He left a letter with Pere Huot, and a farewell message, which the good father will doubtless give you when he sees fit."

"Then why should not Pere Huot have told me so before?" demanded Jean, half rising from his seat beside the bed.

"Easy, mon ami; sit still," said Grelouire, calmly. "Do not get excited, else I shall regret telling you anything about the affair. We have to remember that you have been very ill." Tenderness showed in his tone, and he gently touched the thin hand resting on the coverlet.

Late in the afternoon of this same day, Pere Huot, sitting with Jean in the latter's room, had been informing him of what had transpired since the morning Murier brought him to the shelter and safety of his present abode.

He watched the boy's face carefully as he told him of Margot's burial, and of Bonaparte's many visits to his bedside, where he lay tossing in delirium; and the good priest rejoiced within himself to see the look of dogged grief soften into one of subdued gratification.

"My son, where is the box of papers Monsieur le Baron, thy father, entrusted to Margot for safe keeping?"

"The box of papers, Pere Huot," the boy repeated, as if trying to recall

Jean, angry and reckless, exclaimed: "I'll be no hypocrite, nor pretend to what I cannot feel. I have hated Etienne all my life, and with good cause; and I will never say otherwise, now that he is dead. I would spurn any title or position that had been his—despise myself if ever again I lived beneath the roof who had sheltered one who spoke such dastardly words of my mother! I want to go over seas, away from France, away to the new world, and carve out a name for myself—gain fame and riches. I should die, like a wild bird in a cage, to live such a life as men pass here. The very thought of it is hateful to me."

"Ah!" exclaimed the priest. "This comes from Laro's teachings."

"No, father—indeed no!" cried Jean, all the fire gone from his eyes. "I have always longed to live such a life—always!"

"Always—all of thy very long life, Jean, my son?" said Pere Huot, a satirical smile touching his thin lips.

The boy's face became crimson, and he said nothing.

"We have talked long enough for the present, my son," the priest added; "and now I will leave thee. Read General Bonaparte's letter; and may it bring thy mind to holding more worthy ideas of the future than those I have just heard from thee. And Jean, my son—coming close to him, and laying a caressing hand on the wilful head—"I beseech thee, try and harbor kinder feelings and more Christian-like forgiveness for thy brother."

He left the room, closing the door softly, and Jean sat staring out of the window, though the sun's rays now stole down to touch his brow. But after musing a few seconds, he roused himself with a quick, nervous movement, and looked again at the letter. A moment later he broke its seal; and the thin paper seemed to pulse with his own heartbeats as he read and re-read its words:



"I want to go over seas, away from France, and carve out a name for myself!"

something. "I cannot say; I do not know."

"Know not where it is!" exclaimed the priest, with a marked change of bearing and tone. "How is this? What was done with it?"

The good priest spoke urgently, almost impatiently, leaning forward and looking fixedly into the boy's perplexed face.

"Burned, with the cottage," replied Jean.

"Know you not, my son, what this box contained?" inquired Pere Huot, looking the boy in the face and speaking sternly.

"Yes—some jewels and papers, what of them?"

"Those papers were the proof and vindication of thy birthright," declared the priest solemnly. "Thy mother's marriage certificate was amongst them; and the loss of this may make trouble for thee."

The boy's eyes now turned from the window to meet those of Pere Huot.

"Did Margot tell thee, father, of all that befell the last night we passed at Languedoc?"

"Yes, my son; and I have waited for a fitting time to speak to thee of the matter. General Bonaparte and myself talked of it as well; and I must say that thou were cruelly and needlessly angered and wounded. But I was grieved that thou shouldst have been led to the act that so nearly made thee a murderer. As to thy brother, we must forgive the dead, even more freely than the living; and Etienne is now gone where he should have thy forgiveness in full."

He paused, and Jean turned in his chair to look at him questioning.

"Yes, thy brother is dead," he continued still more impressively. "I regret to tell thee that he was found guilty of a crime the Great Committee never forgives—that of treachery. While seeming to serve their cause, he sold its secrets to the English."

Jean's lips curled with scorn, but he made no spoken comment.

"Etienne now dead, thou, my son, art heir to the title and estates, which, although declared confiscated, may yet be rescued and saved to thee, through the influence of thy friend, General Bonaparte, who bade me tell thee this at the proper time, and also to give thee this letter."

"Mon ami—mon cher ami De Soto—I am grieved to the heart that I must leave thee. But go I must, relieved by the assurance that I leave thee in loving hands, which must soon nurse thee back to that health I pray will always be thine. Pere Huot will tell thee of our plans for thy future. If I have thy love, do as the good father shall tell thee, and pray that we may soon meet in happy days. Let Grelouire bring good news of thee, to rejoice the heart of thy "Pizarro."

As Jean's eyes lingered over the final word, he seemed to see the smile, half rallying—entirely tender, that was the invariable accompaniment of their playful naming of one another. He seemed to see it touch the firm lips, which, with the pale, grave face, imagination now brought vividly before him.

All this faded away, and, with a gulping sob, sounding like the cry of a lovely heart, the boy flung his head upon his arms, and lay silent.

New Orleans, and the night before New Year's day of 1795, saw the windows of the governor's house ablaze with light, and a constant stream of people coming and going through the wide-flung portals. Selected musicians from the fort played for the dancers in the ball room and entertained the large gathering of spectators outside, who looked through the open windows upon the flash of color and sparkle of gems, as the elite of the city and province celebrated the annual ball given by Don Francisco Louis Hector, Baron de Carondelet, Governor and Intendant of Louisiana and West Florida.

In an apartment opening from the ball room, several men, whose years or tastes made cards more attractive than dancing, were gathered about a table upon which gold and silver were stacked in miniature towers before the players, one of whom was saying, with an unconcealed sneer, directed at a tall, handsome man, who, clad in the British uniform, sat opposite, "M'sieur Stanley's board of gold promises to be more than he can well carry away."

"Why not pay more attention to your cards, De la Chaise, and prevent the pile increasing?" inquired a man at the little Frenchman's side—a man who greatly resembled Laro, captain

of the "Aigle," and erstwhile patron of Le Chien Heureux.

De la Chaise not answering, the other continued, with a malicious light now shining in the dark eyes fixed upon the Englishman's impassive face, "Saw you the Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, may I ask, Captain Stanley?"

The latter encountered, and appeared to understand, the look of his questioner, and a steel-like glint showed in his eyes as he replied, "That is an odd inquiry to make, Don Morales, inasmuch as I have to recall that I met you entering his house as I was leaving it."

"Very true; so you did," admitted Laro (for he it was), "and I was wondering if you left the count in the same devilish humor as that in which I found him."

At this an angry red showed in the officer's cheeks, and a gleam of wrath in his eyes. But, without looking again at Laro, he picked up his cards and glanced at them; then, with an oath, he threw them upon the table, gathered his earnings and strode from the room.

It was generally suspected that Captain Edward Stanley was one of the numerous worshippers of Count de Cazeneau's lovely daughter; and gossip had been unusually busy with their names during the present week, at the close of which the English officer, having concluded the mission upon which he had been sent to New Orleans, was to return to Mobile, where the garrison was composed equally of British and Spanish troops. It was also understood that Count de Cazeneau had no liking for the stalwart, calm-faced Englishman.

"Why did you try to prick him, Don Morales?" asked one of the players, a tall, spare man, with gray hair and heavy, overhanging eyebrows.

Don Morales laughed scornfully.

"Because it is worth something to kindle a little fire in the cold blood of an English dog."

"But what is it all about?" inquired another of the party. "Don Morales but asked a simple question. What was there in it to justify any man, English or otherwise, calling for satisfaction?"

"Yes," added a young American officer, looking to be twenty-two or thereabouts, sitting beside Colonel Zachary; "what was there for him to get angry about, for angry he was at something? It couldn't have been his cards, for I looked at what he threw down."

"See here, Don," inquired the quick-witted ensign, who, although a recent widower, with a young boy, was—in secret—one of Roselle's admirers, "is it that you know or think he went to see Count de Cazeneau this afternoon, and that his asking for the daughter's hand aroused the old man's temper?"

A curious and not pleasant expression came to Don Morales' eyes, and the colonel said, now speaking somewhat sternly as he touched the young man's arm, "You are forgetting your usual code, Tommy, to say nothing of your good sense. This is neither the time nor place to be discussing such a sacred matter as a lady's affairs."

"Is it true, what I have heard, Don Morales," now inquired De la Chaise, "that you sail for France in the morning? If so, I am of half a mind—yes, three-quarters—to ask you to let me take passage."

"I carry no passengers," was the brusque reply, made while the speaker was drawing in some winnings; and Colonel Zachary, looking distinctly annoyed, remarked, "I was not aware, Don Morales, that you kept the community informed as to your sailing hours and destination."

"I do not," replied Laro, with a quick, meaning glance, which the colonel met with a slight smile. "But there seem to be those who know my business better than I know it myself."

"When shall you be back here?" asked De la Chaise.

"When my vessel reaches New Orleans."

(To be continued.)

### Story of Ganymede's Birth.

A professor in a Western college, while giving an examination in mythology in a country school, called upon a bright looking girl and asked the following question: "Who was Ganymede?"

Promptly came the answer: "Ganymede was the son of Olympus and an eagle."

The class teacher blushed for her pupil and exclaimed, "Why, Elizabeth! Where did you learn that?"

"Indeed, it says so in the book," replied the girl.

The professor then asked the girl to find the place and read the paragraph aloud, whereupon the class was both astonished and delighted to learn that Ganymede was borne to Olympus by an eagle.—Lippincott's Magazine.

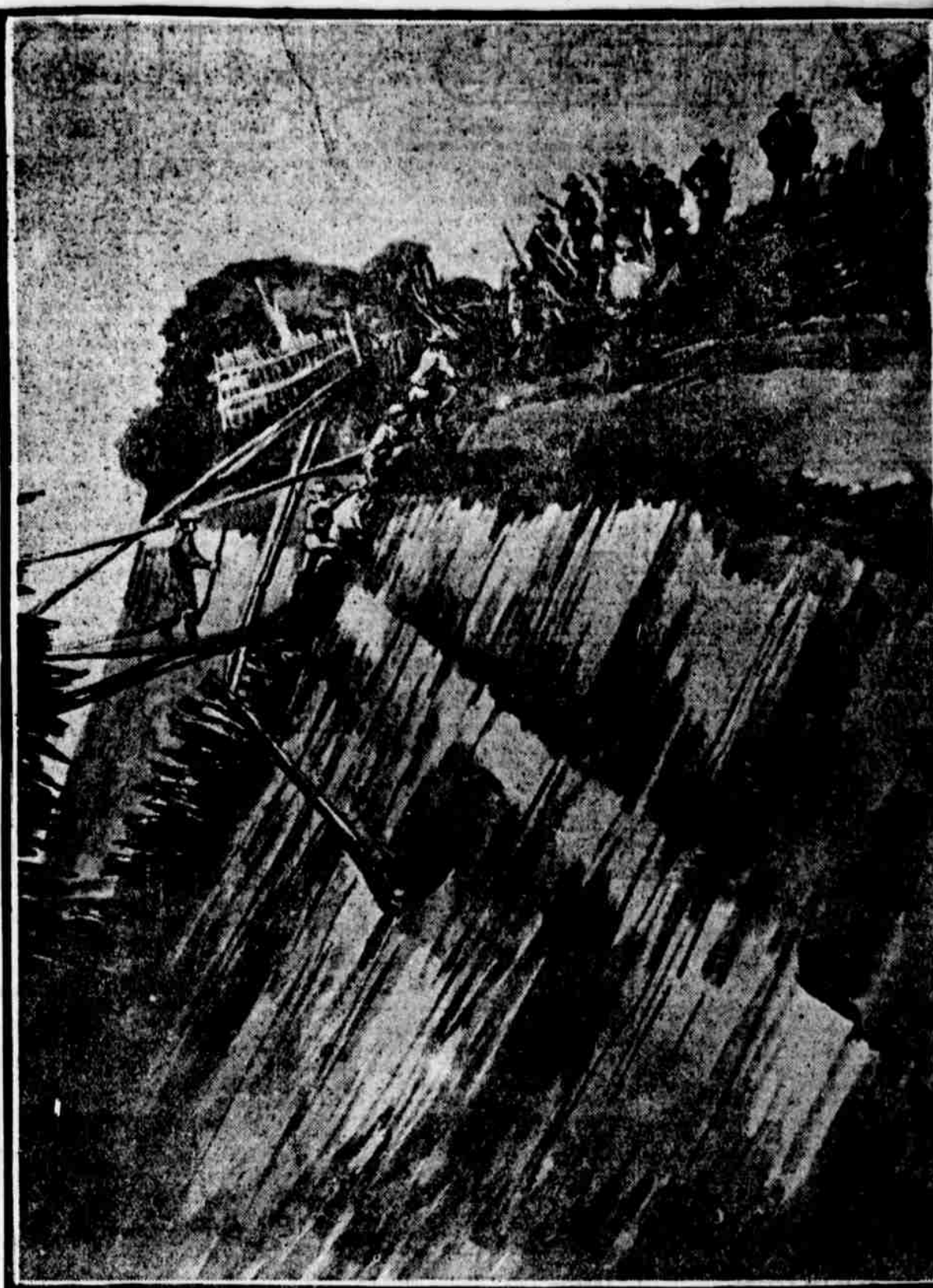
### Less Hunting in England.

From every quarter one hears of the decreased interest in hunting this season. The general want of money is only a partial explanation, for hunting can be done very inexpensively. To the disgust of enthusiastic masters of hounds, motoring, golf and other sports have arisen in the last few years, and set up a dangerous competition, for football has for some time descended in the social scale, and almost ceased to exist. Until lately there has been hardly any other winter sport for the country gentleman except shooting and hunting.—London Globe.

### Unwritten Language.

Interested Father—"Did you tell her how sorry you were to leave her?" Son—"No, but I brought considerable pressure to bear on the subject—I think she understood."—Detroit Free Press.

## Recent Engagement with Moros Reflects Glory on American Arms



AMERICANS TAKING A MORO PORT

In one of the most brilliant feats of arms ever engaged in by United States troops, a force of about 400 men, drawn from the army, navy and native constabulary, captured a lava mountain hitherto considered impregnable, on the island of Jolo, killing its 600 Moro defenders to the last man.

The engagement opened on the morning of March 6 and lasted two days, the troops dragging artillery up an incline of 50 degrees in the face of a continuous fire of bullets, arrows and spears.

The casualties on the American side were eighteen killed and fifty-three wounded. The heaviest loss fell upon the army, although the native constabulary acquitted itself with great heroism, nearly half its number being killed or wounded.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, in com-

cans struggled with their cannon, is 2,100 feet above sea level, and the small naval force engaged rendered great service in hoisting the artillery. The lava sides of the mountain offered bad footing, and block and tackle were used in raising the guns.

The end came on the morning of March 8, when the Americans gained the edge of the immense crater of the volcano and poured rifle and artillery fire into the stronghold of the enemy until not a living thing remained within it.

The slaughter was necessary, as the Moros are fanatics, and confirmed in the Mohammedan belief that if they die in battle they will go straight to heaven. They scorned to surrender and fought to the last gasp.

The battle does not indicate that there is to be another uprising in the islands. It merely closes a campaign that was brought on by absolute necessity. There is no sign of trouble anywhere else in the archipelago. The difficulty was merely local, and had no connection with the conduct of affairs in general, either military or civil, on the islands.

### MOROS A RACE OF FANATICS.

Gen. Carter Talks of the Inhabitants of Island of Jolo.

Gen. W. H. Carter, commander of the Department of the Lakes, with headquarters in Chicago, gave an interesting description of the island upon which the battle was fought. Gen. Carter has but recently returned from the Philippines, where he saw several years of active service.

Speaking of the inhabitants of Jolo, Gen. Carter said:

"The natives, who are the direct descendants of the old Malay pirates who for years terrorized the Malay archipelago, for the most part refused to do this. They built little stone forts in the heavily wooded portions of the island and then defied the soldiers to collect the taxes."

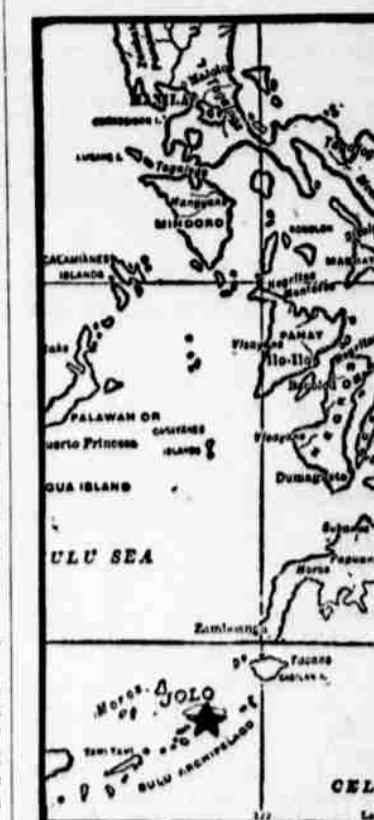
"The city of Jolo itself is surrounded by a wall built by the Spaniards to protect themselves. The Spaniards never went out to fight the natives, but were contented with defending themselves within the walls of Jolo."

"Fortunately Jolo is one of the few islands where cavalry can be em-

ployed to good advantage, and the troubles are usually easily suppressed."

According to Gen. Carter, the military government on all of the other islands is under the civil government. That it is not on the island of Jolo he attributes to the fact that the American army gave battle without first going through much red tape.

"In the rest of the Philippine islands," said Gen. Carter, "the soldiers are not used except on the call of the civil government. In Jolo, however, they are under the command of their colonel, who is both civil and military



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF JOLO

governor, and who took them out to fight."

Gen. Carter said that the natives of Jolo were similar to the inhabitants of the island of Borneo, with whom the English government recently had trouble.



COL. J. W. DUNCAN  
COMMANDER, 6TH INFANTRY

mand of the forces in the Philippines, and Brig. Gen. Bliss were on the scene, although not actually engaged in the conflict. The operations were conducted by Col. Joseph W. Duncan of the Sixth Infantry.

Mount Dajo, up which the Ameri-

### Don't Be Stingy with Praise.

Only a few kind words of appreciation! The cost is nothing, but the recompense is beyond price. Let the husband tell his wife how much he prizes her love for him, and the wife tell her husband how truly she recognizes all his care for her. And the mother should reveal in words how much she values her children's affection, while the child who says to its mother: "Thank you for all your love for me," has rewarded her far beyond knowledge or understanding.

### Adversity.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired. "Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia." Certainly if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is a yet higher speech of his: "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God."—Bacon.

### Two Absent-Minded Preachers.

A parallel has been found for the young cricket-playing curate who said "Here endeth the first inning." A clergyman was beaten in a golf tournament by a put on the last green. This seems to have preyed on his mind, for on the following day he gave out his text as follows: "In the eighth chapter and the thirty-sixth verse of the gospel according to St. Mark you will find these words: 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose the last hole?'"